olume XII Chicago, Ill., August, 1935 Number 5

The Liberalist

MIDSUMMER

There is a moment when the tides of Time,
August, sublime,
Pause in their rush, and of their own free will,
Stand strangely still.

It is as though the Summer knew,
Under the wide sky's canopy of blue,
That the green world had reached a peak of power,
Perfection in each flower,
And now would rest for but one indolent hour.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

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The Peoples Church

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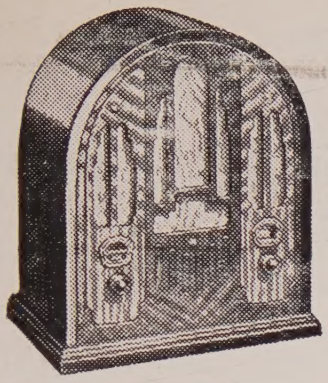

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

ume XII Chicago, Ill., August, 1935 Number 5

MEDITATION

nfinite and everlasting Heart, re grateful for all minds and ts that seem so closely asso- d and who understand so de- ely the eternal sanctionings eality, that in poem and play beauty everywhere crystalliz- hey give to us these moments fty beauty.

e are grateful for that great us we are going to discuss talk about today; grateful the nobility and the grandeur is achievement and the sanct- with which he endowed life. are grateful for all goodness, beauty and all truth.

nfinite Heart, in the poise and t of this temple which we , surrounded by these hearts have come with all the trou- and sorrows and tears of , may this moment be a mom- of sublimation. All of us are king where we need light; all us have our heartaches; all of know the meaning of tears, because that is true may all us through sympathy come ser and closer together in the at expression of love and life beauty.

Let the spirit of great power tle down upon us, and to every rt everywhere listening to these words, and there may be environmental conditions that are not conducive to spiritual uplift, yet truth has penetrating power and if there are receptive hearts and minds, it will find them, and find them to their advantage.

May every life that has honored this church by their interest today find sustenance and encouragement. Life is so beautiful, the sky is so blue, the stars are so eloquent, the whole world could be a great temple of love. Help us to coronate that ideal in every utterance of our heart and life.

To everyone we send out the message of the morning leaping in limpid loveliness across the sky to the great eternal heart of all mankind through the magic of this modern miracle that we call the radio, may it carry the message of the spirit. Wherever the priest stands today in the presence of his sacred altar, wherever the rabbi stands in the presence of his divine and his great law, wherever the Protestant minister stands with his open book, wherever the leadership of the world is gathered in matters of spiritual beauty may the blessing of divine Love rest upon them all."

"ON THE WAY"

More Travel Notes By Preston Bradley

Baltic Sea, July 3rd.

The travel notes which I wrote for the July Liberalist were mailed from Cherbourg, France, on June 27th. On the same afternoon at 1:30 we were along the wharf in Southampton, England, after a pleasant crossing of the English channel and a delightful ride down that world famous highway of the sea to the Southampton dock. Just ahead of our ship lay two ships of noble history —the Mauretania and the Olympic — both doomed to be broken up unable to cope with the newer and faster ships of modern shipbuilding art. On Monday the Mauretania will leave on her last voyage which will take her to the shipyard where she will be dismantled while devouring acetylene torches will melt her steel plates. No more will she challenge the fury of the Atlantic. What a long and noble record she has achieved! How many travellers from all over the world will regret her passing! She has carried thousands swiftly and safely through fair weather and foul. Ships are personalities. They are never impersonal. One learns to love them while one always retains a deep interest in the life of any ship on which one has ever traveled. When I arrive back in the United States I shall have crossed the Atlantic ten times, the North Sea four times, the Baltic Sea, five times, and the Gulf of Mexico once. I have sailed many times on each of the Great Lakes and crossed the English channel and Irish Sea as well as St. George's channel many times. On the wall of my little study in our Island home in lovely Lake Vermilion I have a picture of every boat on which I have ever sailed. Each one is my friend and I have followed their careers with interest and affection ever since I was a part of them. I love the sea. I read every writer who wri the sea and ships. From m iest boyhood I have owned of some description and never more at peace wit world than when afloat—w in an old leaky flat bottome boat or a floating modern such as our late ships clos semble. Give me a boat—mo kind—enough water unde keel to float her—and all m troubles become little and t tle troubles float away! Th person I try to meet after barking is the Captain. I u create the opportunity by ious arrangements throug ters of introduction or some valid but effective method. I met and know personally Captain with whom I ever s They are a distinct type an long in a category not shar any other individual. They a moody as the sea they sail. are always philosophers and eyes unlike those to be fou any other person. It was good fortune which took board this fine ship—the press of Australia" on wh am now writing. I didn't who the Captain was when I ed but I hadn't been aboar hour when I learned to my joy that it was my dear f who took us safely through stormy north Atlantic to land on the sturdy ship— Montcalm"—five years ago. now Commander A. Rothwel fine a sailor—as sails the s seas! Since leaving Quebe have spent most of my tim what is called the Monkey B above the pilot house. It is highest bridge on the ship commands a perfect vie every movement of the ship. the way across the Atlantic across the north sea in to Baltic, Mr. Hermsdorf and I spent most of our waking h on this bridge. From now

l Empress meets her ulti-
stiny she will always have
special place in my heart.
he opportunity of going
from stem to stern. Her
rew reflected the graci-
affability and hospital-
er distinguished Comman-
pt. Rothwell. At South-
our Chief engineer, Mr.
ert was transferred to the
s of Britain and who
become the Chief En-
f the Empress of Austral-
my much esteemed friend,
ngineer Jackson, at whose
had sat on my journey to
on the "Montcalm." We
d many interesting visits
l have more before I leave
press.
is a spirit of friendliness
a ship which makes it
approach perfect strang-
casual remark while
g at the ship's rail about
ather, a passing vessel, a
coast line, or a thousand
ubjects, are often the be-
of a life long friendship.
d travelers, however are
cautious. Many a slight
ng develops into a tragic
nce before the journey is
ted for a most colossal bore
found on every ship. I
look through the passen-
t at the earliest opportun-
the names of friends or
r names. I was delightful-
urprised when looking
h our list out of Quebec to
at while our list contained
wo names from Chicago,
ting my own and Mr.
dorf) I knew the people
ey had visited our church
ntly but to my greater sur-
wo more people who joined
Southampton I not only
but had married. Our Chi-
friends out of Quebec were
nd Mrs. Louis M. Novack,
ere on their way to Praha,
oslovakia, and those who
the Empress at South-
on were Dr. and Mrs. M. S.
n from Rogers Park, who
on their way to a long con-
al tour and will leave us at Hamburg, Germany. We did Zoppot and Danzig together and no more agreeable or more companionable travel companions ever were known. Reluctantly we said good-by but hope to have a reunion in Chicago this winter.

On the way from Quebec to Southampton we had 35 members of the Oxford group from Canada who were enroute to the All-British House Party and the International House Party of the Oxford Group which is to be held in Oxford from July 5th to the 29th. Lady Nanton was the leader of the group. I have long coveted an opportunity of discussing the Oxford Group with someone closely a part of it but for some reason not a single member of the group attempted an interview on the entire Atlantic crossing. It was a fine opportunity for personal work on a heretic preacher. Perhaps if I had spent more time about the decks and less on the bridge I would have met some members of the group.

However, I did meet some very interesting and fine people. Many had heard me on the air and knew about our Peoples Church. Some had read "Courage For Today" and Mr. H. W. Hughes of Toronto had one time lived in Bay City, Michigan, where he knew the Warrens who were my mother's people. Some of the friendships we made will lengthen and deepen as the years pass. Dean and Mrs. Henry M. Bates, of Toronto University, Consul General Arvo A. Himberg, of Finland, Sir Andrew MacPhail of Scotland, Mr. Alfred William Wills, former mayor of Bath, England, who was returning from a Chicago visit, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watchorn, former U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, Commander F. P. Armstrong, Alderman F. J. Bacon, J. P., Hon. Randolph Bruce, former Premier of Vancover, Commander T. Eardley-Wilmot R. N., (Rtd.) Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, G. C. M. G. K. C. B., Generale Umberto Galanti; Major D. Graham Pole, the Rev. G. W. Kerr, associated with the

Barnardo's Homes, Mr. Charles C. Wills — a most interesting and resourceful fellow traveller and who will accompany us to Russia, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cross, of Middletown, New York, and many others who will be remembered. I could write many more articles on the character of our fellow passenger for it seems we are unusually fortunate in the personnel of our passenger list.

Mr. Hermsdorf and I had a most pleasant surprise as we were standing at the rail waiting for the ship to tie up along the wharf at Southampton. Coming over we had met Mr. and Mrs. Watchorn and had many delightful visits with them. He was the United States Commissioner of Immigration located at Ellis Island during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt if my memory is correct. He is now living in California maintaining an office in Oklahoma City where he has oil interests. He was born in England and for many years has gone home to spend the better part of the summer in his native Derbyshire. I was particularly interested in his experiences as Immigration Commissioner. His sympathetic understanding of the many problems made his administration a notable one. He is a very loyal and devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and has built in the little village of his birth a Memorial Church to his mother. The church is now finished and is to be dedicated this summer (August 25th,) by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of Central Church, Brooklyn, himself a native of England. We received a very urgent and cordial invitation to be present as his guests. He offered to send his car in to London for us and it was with deep regrets that we were compelled to decline. I promised, however, that some summer I would preach in the church a promise I will certainly keep.

Just before the ship made fast Mr. and Mrs. Watchorn came to Mr. Hermsdorf and me with an invitation to accompany them in their car to London. Our ship to remain at Southampton the next morning but we had planned on going to London we returned to Tilbury late the summer. We did plan to Winchester and its noble Cathedral about 16 miles Southampton. The Watch were going through Winche and London on their way to byshire. Their car and Ch feur met the Ship. They pointed out to us by the Wa orns from the deck. It was a l 7 passenger car. I hesitate moment, looked at Mr. Hermsd realized the sincerity of the vitation and accepted.

We were soon ashore, thro with the customs (a most pl ing experience in England— never had to open a bag), pa the Immigration Officer and comfortably on our way ou Southampton bound for chester and London. There i more beautiful countryside in world than that of England. winding narrow roads—al lanes — hedged with luxur verdant green — the picture thatched roof cottages — tranquility of pastoral plac where is there anything quit restful! We were soon in Winchester and, of course, d at once to the Cathedral. Here buried many of England's il trious dead including the K King of England. My visit, h ever, was not occasioned b desire to visit the tombs of ki queens, royalty or nobility rather the tomb of one who s live when many of them are gotten dust heaps,—the imm al Izaak Walton. I stood in erence and silence at his res place. His quiet and serene unfolded in gentle memories. love of nature and the "unbl ished sport of angling," his li ary excellency as recalled in imperishable biographies, love of quiet places, and the ene mood—all these seemed vironed in faultless surround The old quiet cathedral surro ed by old trees, old grass and

walls seemed next to a quiet spot in the out-of-doors a perfect tomb for the one who enriched English literature by "The Complete Angler."

We were soon on our way, stopping at a quaint roadside inn at Staines for the inevitable cup of tea. Then London—entering past Croydon Field through the streets pulsating with human life to our hotel in old Bloomsbury. I went there when I first visited London more than twenty years ago and nowhere else in London is more like home to me. It was good to see London again. With the exception of my beloved Chicago it is the most fascinating, interesting, challenging, attractive city in the world. We went over to the Marble Arch at Hyde Park in the evening and listened to the orators in what is the most famous debating area in the entire world. We went from one speaker to another listening to their speeches and watching the audiences. Every conceivable theory, philosophy, ism, religion, and government are represented. Absolute free speech prevails. There is nothing quite like it. Every form of fanaticism is represented. One can hear a scholarly treatment of an involved theory or the bombastic harangue of an unthinking emotionalist, it is all there. Sometime I am going to write an article dealing exclusively with the Marble Arch Forum.

We lingered at the Arch until we hardly had time to get our train at Waterloo for Southampton. We left after ten and arrived after one o'clock. After a bite in the hotel near the dock we again boarded the Empress and were soon asleep.

The next afternoon we sailed for Oslo. From Oslo, to Danzig and Zoppot. You will hear of these visits later. Just now they are behind us and we are crossing the Baltic on our way to Stockholm where we will arrive tomorrow morning (July 4th). It is a beautiful day. The sky is cloudless. The sunshine brilliant. The Baltic is kind. Tomorrow we shall see Stockholm again. How these Scandinavian countries and cities delight me! Clean, almost spotless and the people most hospitable, gracious and kind. These rambling notes will be mailed from there and as they go on their way by rail, plane, and sea to a little island far away I will be in Russia. We are all excited about what we shall find and what experiences await. Mr. Hermsdorf is an ideal travelling companion and when evening comes and the long unending twilight, we go to the Bridge and standing there look westward consoling each other that our loved ones are well and that before long we will again be home. Time passes quickly when one is forever on the move. I shall share with you who attend and all who listen, more of these experiences during the months to come. I just heard the lookout strike the ships bell twice which means from his place in the crows nest he has picked up a boat on the port side. I must stop writing for I have work to do. I must get to the bridge. Commander Rothwell might need me. It is quite a task, being an editor, a preacher and sailing a big ship across the Baltic Sea and just now I must attend to my sailing!

I hope to see you September 15th at 10:45 a. m. in the Peoples Church.

—Preston Bradley.

"EMERSON AND HIS MESSAGE"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago—(Published by Request.)

"It is my ambition, in the discussion of these characters which I have chosen to discuss during the month of February in our biographical series, not to give you so much their philosophy of life as to do what all biographical treatment ought to do, it seems to me, make more vital and dynamic the personalities themselves, thereby suggesting to those who are sufficiently interested to continue the study by a more fundamental acquaintanceship with the result of their individual mental processes. I am not attempting, during this month of February, to give you then so much the mere philosophical emanations of these great minds as I am to make vital again, as well as I can, their own personalities.

After all, you cannot separate truth from personality, and to know more intimately, even to the extent of the crudities of idiosyncrasies of genius, is to have a more comprehensive and fundamental understanding of the contribution which the genius made to the life of mankind or to civilization.

Now, obviously, it would be quite impossible, of course, for anyone, within the confines of the time which it is necessary for me to maintain in the sermon of the morning, to even approximately exhaust the great mind, and what that mind has meant to all intellectual processes in the world, of Ralph Waldo Emerson, but I think we can, for a few moments, have such an intimate understanding and deepened appreciation of the peculiar quality of his personality, that every word that we read from now on, and every line that we ever hear him utter shall perhaps come to us with renewed significance and with awakening power.

I cannot remember the time when I did not have a sort of an inherited predisposition toward Emerson. My acquaintance with him started when I was a little boy. One of the newspapers in announcing my subject this morning said that I was going to discuss the life and times of Governor Emmerson. I don't know how many people attending expected me to devote a morning to a contemporary. The surname Emerson to me means only one, that is one of the distinguishing marks of his genius that his name unadorned by degree or any other prefix is quite sufficient to distinguish him in the intellectual world. So this morning, I don't want my radio friends to think that I am talking about any contemporaneous character. I am talking about the eternal character who has the very essence of immortality.

I think my acquaintanceship started when I was a little boy and read for the first time McGuffrey's Readers, they were published by Harpers and the first essay which I ever read of Emerson's is the one I recommended that you read during the week, his essay on "Compensation." I was fortunate in having a teacher of English in my school who understood the technique of what a teacher ought to do, namely: not to teach something, not to tell something, but to awaken within the student a desire to know something himself, which is the art of all great teaching. Teachers ought never to be concerned merely on the basis of imparting facts, the true teaching of the world is done by awakening within the individual an attitude toward a fine expansion and broadening of the area of life, that's true teaching. This teacher I

d was that sort, in the little untry school where I attended, d she introduced me to Ralph aldo Emerson. It was not done making me study facts and ta, you know there is a perver- y about youngsters when they e required to do certain things d immediately, they cease to be teresting. Well, Emerson was quired reading when I was a y, but I had a real teacher to troduce him to me, and from at time until now, I have never ased to be obligated, just as ery other philosopher that has ought in any cultural center of urope or America since Ralph aldo Emerson, is indebted to merson.

America has produced not very any philosophers. She has pro- uced two poets, Edgar Allan Poe nd Walt Whitman. Those that ave lived since or are living now re all modifications of their cul- ure. She has produced more hilosophers than poets, and yet er philosophers could all be amed upon one hand.

Our concern today is with just ne of them, this man Emerson. Emerson was so unlike the mod- rn, effervescent, slapping on the ack, bombastic, ephemeral, sup- rficial, veneered specimen of nuch of our modern citizenship, hat he seems so remote from us oday that it is really hard to un- derstand if he really was a per- son at all. He is the antithesis of everything we speak of today as significant in many aspects of American life. The type out- standing is the 'go getter'—you know what they are. Well, Emer- son would not understand it. He was not one of these men, full of 'pep.' Do you know what that means in modern life? He was not of the 'go getter' peppy type at all. The fact of the matter was that he never introduced the quality of his genius into heated argumentations at all. He used to go to the town meetings and took no part whatever in the polemics; he never wasted his energy. He sat quietly and then came out and wrote for posterity. They had their controversies re- lative to anti-slavery and domi- nating contemporary periods dur- ing which they called themselves very serious names, and when they left, Emerson quietly sat down and penned that wonderful statement 'Why so hot, my little Sir?' In the quiet remoteness of that great perspective, Emerson was able to get a grasp of eternal and everlastings things.

Now let us see him for a few moments. I never saw him for Emerson died in 1882, and that was six years before I was born. Obviously, then, I never saw him, but I do see him, for those who knew him best have left a por- trayal of his personality that is as vivid to me as though I had really known him.

I see him first as one of the young undergraduates of Har- vard. The factors of his life were rather simple, nothing dramatic, nothing outstanding in some particulars, but I see him as an undergraduate of Harvard, quiet- ly going about his tasks, creating no furor, and to all interests and purposes Emerson, as an under- graduate of Harvard left no im- pression at all upon the student body or the faculty. A great many stars, who shine in the University splendidly, burn out soon when they get out into the University of Life. I have known many students who were house- hold names in the University, and all the girls were idolizing them and the thousands were cheering them, and in five years they were as dead as the proverbial door nail. So, it does not mean that because a youngster distinguish- es himself in the University that he is going to do so in life, and it does not always mean that those who do not distinguish themselves in the University will do so in life. The converse is just as true.

This young man was not long out of Harvard before he studied for the ministry. He was a preacher and he never ceased to be a preacher. When he was ask- ed by that great scholastic fra-

ternity Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, and this young man had only been a few years out in life, he returned to Harvard University and gave the great oration called "The American Scholar" and one of the professors of Harvard University has told us that 1838 will stand out as an epic year in the history of American scholarship, because in that year Emerson delivered the intellectual emancipation proclamation of the American Scholar for Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard University. I re-read it a few days ago, and I wish you would read "The American Scholar." Scholarship never has been more accurately defined and true intellectuality more clearly presented than that young man presented it with that fine quality of mind in that Phi Beta Kappa oration in 1838.

It was only a year after that he was asked again to return to Harvard and before the students of the Divinity School Ralph Waldo Emerson gave his Divinity Address, and if the Phi Beta Kappa oration was the Emancipation proclamation of scholarship, his address to the Divinity School of Harvard was the Declaration of Independence of liberal attitude toward religion, for that address was the beginning of the rationalizing movement in American philosophy, particularly as it was applied to what was called the "Queen" of the Sciences, Theology. Around it there clustered those first emanating influences that were the beginning of the great movement of religious liberty, of religious freedom of thinking that has characterized so much of the philosophical progression that has come to American thinking and which goes back to that Declaration of Independence given a year after his other oration on "The American Scholar" by this strange, unusual, philosophical mind of Emerson.

Read the Divinity School Address and you will discover that there are many treatments of the theme in the address which suggest that it might have been w
ten in the past week, thereby
testing what is the determin
factor in a certain quality of
tellectual genius, that the in
lectual genius need not wait
authorization or affirmation f
other subsequent thinkers as
the rectitude and integrity of
own point of view. Emerson
timeless in this respect and
manifestation is that you do
have to wait until someone
had said this, or someone
had said that, Emerson said it
fore any of them said it, and
said it with a projecting qua
that makes it endure even
these days.

In that Divinity School
dress that morning in Bost
there was another young m
and that young man was destin
to become influenced by Emers
in a most tremendous way. T
young man was Theodore Park
He was listening to this addre
He was then a minister of a lit
church in Roxbury, Massac
setts. He was so influenced
Emerson that he went back to
pulpit and started a flame bu
ing in his intellectual life th
swept down the years. It w
not long before he was influenc
by William Ellery Channing, t
one preacher that Abraham L
coln expressed himself as inde
ed to in some of his philosop
of freedom. In all of Lincol
papers and comments, there is
record that Lincoln ever expre
ed obligation to any clergym
except William Ellery Channi
the pioneer mind of freedom a
liberality of thought, who h
this tremendous influence o
these youngsters of that ea
period of the nineteenth centu
But Emerson, in his influe
over Theodore Parker stirred
such a hornets' nest in Bost
It is always interesting for me
observe that sometimes those w
have had their foundation in
most rigorous protests of a r
olutionary character are alw
those that are most jealous
having certain traditions distu
ed. There was Boston, the C

Liberty and Freedom, and when Emerson spoke, and Channing spoke, and when Parker spoke, they all ostracized because they not speak in true Boston note because they spoke a liberal- influence.

w what happened to Emer- He was pastor of a Unitar- church in Boston and he did want to celebrate the com- on. Up to that time it had the custom, in the usual odox sense of the Victorian and Emerson had an idea the communion ought to be a symbol and that no one ld ever touch the bread or the wine, and wherever the ice was held it should be held as a symbolic service; that symbol should never be mis- n for the symbolic. That is of the great points that I ld have you remember. One of thoughts of Emerson that we , that the symbol should r be mistaken for the sym- zed. And so, when Emerson ted to celebrate the commun- he just wanted to celebrate it a symbol service of sacrifice love, and they said: "No, in church you are going to ak the bread and you are go- to drink the wine and if you 't do it, of course, your pas- ate is over," and Emerson ached his Farewell sermon. n he retired far from the dening throng of hectic bom- t to that little village of Con- d that every American ought visit. I am always interested these great campaigns where y are sending children to shington, they are going to d High School students to see ir national capital. It will have effect upon Washington as well on them. It is a magnificent ng to see your capital. I was filled the first time I ever ited Washington. It is magni- ent to see your legislature as- mbled in action—(when there is tion) and to see all this in your tional capital, but no one, no nerican, certainly of High school age, ever ought to miss Concord, Massachusetts. I never go to Boston that I don't go to Concord. I don't know how many times I have been there, but that street is just as familiar to me as Sheridan Road in Chicago. I can see again the Alcott home where Louisa M. Alcott, and that remarkable family, lived so many years and where she wrote "Little Women." I have been many times and sat at the desk where she wrote it in her home. Then the remnants still exist of that old school of Philosophy of Transcendentalism which Thoreau and Emerson started. Emerson said, and he said the truth, that transcendency was not given to the public. That school goes back to Immanuel Kant and Emerson said repeatedly that the word transcendental is only another word for idealism, it was a school of Idealism, that's what it was, and some of the old benches are still there.

I know that this philosophy would not fit into our twentieth century "Bigger and Better" programs, and where cities are judged by the heights of their buildings or the fluctuation of the stock markets, and the only thing necessary is to have thrills and excitement. Thoreau moved out of his house because he could not pay his taxes, but that was more honorable than having them 'fixed.' For two years Thoreau lived in Emerson's family. He had to because he probably would have starved to death. Emerson tried to have him manufacture pencils, but he could not even do that. Thoreau was a disreputable financier and borrowed money from everybody in Concord who had a nickel to lend him, and this fine, beautiful, spiritual and lovely character walked the clouds, hardly knowing at times where his next meal was coming from, but he knew his next thought and he did not worry so much about his meal as he did the rectitude of his thought.

When I go to Concord, I see the old white house of Emerson's and

the lovely study table where he wrote, I take the walks that he took, I go by the old manse where his father lived and where, later, Hawthorne wrote, and then I see the House of the Seven Gables up there on the coast of Salem, and I see that group which is identified in one great creative moment and though they were dreamers and idealists Emerson's quality of thought was everlasting.

Emerson was a great admirer of Carlyle and you cannot imagine any two men more opposite. Carlyle always had dyspepsia, was critical and cynical and somewhat rough; Emerson was never ill, and perhaps it had something to do with the fine tone of much of his philosophy, for Emerson believed in the integrity of the universe, and his whole life was an assimilation and his whole philosophy was a mellowing of the great thought of the unity of all life. Emerson never killed anything. Never! He treated life sacredly and the gist of his whole philosophy was: "All is one," and "One is all," and he spent no time whatever on the divinity of one man to the exclusion of the divinity of all men, and he believed in the integrity and potentiality and divinity of human nature. He antedated all of our modern idealistic philosophy as it expressed itself in Christian Science. Emerson taught the unreality of evil and the mere fact that these destroying agencies could not touch the citadel of a man's soul. That was his philosophy, and we are all indebted to him forever and forever and forever!

Emerson never traveled much, yet he made three trips to England and he did not think much of the philosophy of travel as we think of it. It is not necessary for genius to travel. Stop and think who are probably the three greatest minds, in their respective departments of education. Homer Shakespeare and Dante. Homer was never over 60 miles from home. Shakespeare was never over 50 miles from his home and Dante was never over 75 miles, and these three men have influenced all time. Jesus never was over 100 miles from the place where he was born. Emerson said that genius never need to travel. You will remember the Greek student was telling Plato about a certain man who had been traveling throughout Greece and came back to Athens and Socrates asked him what he had seen and the man replied: 'I have been traveling for the past few months but I haven't seen anything much.' Socrates said: 'I knew it.' 'What do you mean by that?' 'Because you took yourself along.' Now that was the idea back of Emerson, that we don't see things when we travel because we take ourselves along. In the quiet of his study in Concord, or at Thoreau's little cottage, wherever he was, there went the soul of Emerson. Consequently, when he took himself along there went the universe. That's beautiful to me. Where Emerson went, there went the universe. So he went to see Carlyle. They liked each other very very much, but neither of them liked the same thing, and yet there is an aesthetic character to their philosophies that stands all good penetrative thinking in good form.

Emerson, strange as it may seem, wanted to break Americans from the Anglocizing influence of the early days of the nineteenth century, and, strange as it may seem, Emerson said that the hope of civilization in these United States was not to come out of New England, but was to come out of the Middle West or the West. Emerson said: 'I have more respect for a rough, uncouth, western miner who is wholly American in his background than I have for the Anglocized American from the Eastern seaboard governed entirely by the thought processes from across the water.' He wanted to see the West. So after he left his pulpit, he came West from Buffalo to Iowa. Just think of it, at a time when it was noth-

but mud, and he went about of the time in a buggy. He elled all over the Middle st and he went back to Boston ssed with the idea that the dle West and the West was to he place out of which would e the great leadership of erica for the future. He went Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo, higan. Let me bring Emer- close to you by quoting to you n a few passages which he te:

The ways of the lecturer e not always pleasant. 'Two nts in a rail car and a third the floor of a canal boat, ere the cushion allowed me for ed was crossed at the knees another tier of sleepers as g-limbed as I, so that the air s a wreath of legs.'

n 1853 he writes from Spring- d, Illinois, 'Here I am in the p mud of the prairies. It ns and thaws incessantly and ve step off a short street we go to the shoulders perhaps in d. My chamber is a cabin, my low-boarders are legislators. o or three governors or ex- vernors live in the house. But the prairie we are all new men, d must not stand on trifles.'

n mid-winter he makes this ry in his journal: 'My chief venture was the necessity of ling in a buggy forty-eight les to Grand Rapids; then er lecture twenty more in re- n, and the next morning back Kalamazoo in time for the in hither at twelve.'"

This was at a time when Kal- azoo was a name strange to stonian ears. I am reading this cause I want my Grand Rapids d Kalamazoo friends to know at Emerson paid them a visit d gave them a lecture.

It was not long until his Es- ys, the first and second series, Representative Men," his first tle book on "Nature," and all of ese were gradually settling wn to be classic utterances and influence the philosophical end of American thought. Read im. Study him. He was not anthropomorphic, he repeatedly used the word 'God,' but it is interesting to know that before Darwin, that is an evidence of his genius, before Darwin, before Huxley, before these men worked out a philosophy of evolvement in the world of the physical, Emerson worked out a principle of evolvement, precisely evolutionary, in the world of the spirit. That was one of the great things about him to me.

And so I see him passing and spending his days, spending his time, always inspiring and quiet, with none of the superficial character that we usually associate with such inspiration. They say of him, those who saw him and heard him, that no man ever spoke, ever lectured, that had a more musical voice than Emerson. His presence was benign, and one of his parishioners said, that when he opened the door of his old square pulpit and walked up into his pulpit on Sunday morning, a hush went all over the congregation, that there was something about him that gave evidence that he had been dwelling in the tabernacle of the most high. There was poise, there was penetration, there was that quiet that comes with profound things. There was nothing of that hectic character that comes from being disturbed by the superficial things. He always read every word he spoke in public. Every lecture, in fact every essay was just a lecture that he had written and given, and he always came, took out his manuscript, laid it before him, and read without gesture—he made no gestures— there was nothing of the dramatic about him, nothing of the oratorial character, his voice the most beautiful speaking voice that one could ever hear, his presence did, what such contact always does, bespeaks relationship with the Infinite.

High living, in its highest sense; right living in its best and finest sense; lofty thinking, these are the things that make for beauty of personality. Emerson

was a living proof that one can never wallow in the gutter, fill oneself as a gourmand while they guzzle the viands of life; that one cannot live on a low plane intellectually and ever touch the heights of sublime truth. His body, his spirit, his soul, all were one and he saw with eyes that did not belong to his age, that did not belong to his race, that did not belong to his nation, he saw with eyes that belonged to the eyes of everlasting truth.

Yet Emerson the poet, Emerson the essayist, Emerson the friend, Emerson the man, Emerson who knew love, he married his sweetheart at seventeen; he lost her; remarried again, but hanging over his fireplace in his study is a beautiful picture of Ellen, and that lovely daughter that took care of him and stayed with him and loved him, and a son that broke his heart. All these human things, and yet they did not crush him. On and on he lived, and at the end that great mind grew tired and the brain weary and anemic. They watched him beginning to break. He could not remember, losing his memory, but he was always superb, always a gentleman, always a nonconformist, always a poet, and then Longfellow died. They came for Emerson and Emerson went up to Boston from Concord to the funeral of Longfellow. He stood and looked down upon the face of Longfellow and wept, and tears in the eyes of a strong man is great sorrow. When men weep it is tragic, and Emerson wept, and then they led him away from the casket and as they did so a far away look seemed to come into his eyes and a smile came over his face and he said: "Why, we are just about to bury a very good friend of mine and a very great man, but I have forgotten his name." It was the end, and if you will come with me, as I have done again and again, to Sleepy Hollow where rests the Alcotts and Emerson and Hawthorne, if you will come with me, I will show you on a knoll, heavily wooded and beautiful with old trees, a great ragged rough piece of New Hampshire granite, it was just dug out of the side of a New Hampshire mountain, man never moulded it, no plane or tool has ever softened it. That New Hampshire piece of granite was brought down to Sleepy Hollow and that is Emerson's monument.

Rugged, elemental, primitive, natural. The Nature that he loved; the world that he loved; the beauty that he loved, and the poetry of his heart, all these were elemental things, and all these were Ralph Waldo Emerson."

PLEASE REMEMBER THE DATE

The Peoples Church of Chicago will open for the season on Sunday morning September 15th, at 10:45 with our pastor, Dr. Preston Bradley in the pulpit. This will be the beginning of his 24th year as the pastor. Let every member and friend make a special effort to greet him with one of the finest congregations he has ever faced. Let us make it a great "Welcome home" event. He has been travelling most of the summer in strange places and will return refreshed, invigorated and anxious to do all he can to help us all in the months ahead. It will be a challenging winter. We will need the church more than ever. Let us begin with the opening Sunday and cultivate faithful attendance all winter. Mr. Walter Flandorf will return from his summer playing of the Great Ford organ at the San Diego Fair, Mr. Abernethy will direct our loyal and splendid chorus choir. It will be a Sunday of reunion and gladness. Remember the date Sunday. September 15th, at 10:45 a. m.

The service will be broadcast by WJJD of Chicago which has increased its power and installed new mechanical developments during the summer.

G. T. B.

DO YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF A SEAT?

During the church year many friends and members take advantage of the opportunity to have a seat reserved until the beginning of the Choir Processional by selecting a seat from the plat in the church office or writing for a reservation to the secretary, Mrs. Harrison, at the church, 941 Lawrence Avenue. For ten dollars, payable when and as you are able during the church year, such seat will be reserved. Spread out over the period of the church year ten dollars is easily paid by everyone. Just call or write for your reservation and you will always be assured of a seat at the morning services. Reservations are now being made. Remember you pay the ten dollars at your convenience.

SUMMER MOVES ON!

August again! And summer on the wane. Oh—it can't be possible! How extraordinarily short it has been, with June all rain and cold drab skies, no sweet scented air soft as silk, no golden sunshine to bid one forget winter,—no June at all—just March, returned in its place! All that dark cold rainy weather had a strange effect on my garden.

I didn't think there would be any garden. But perennials grew so fast and popped into bloom with the first ray of warm sunshine, and annuals came up so quickly and thrust forth their buds before they were large enough to hold the weight of blossoms. Everything became crowded and grew so large, one pushing another out of the way for elbow room, till the garden in a riot of color has out-grown all bounds.

Some people only like flowers when they're in a vase or table arrangement; some like to wear them and cast them off when withered but the true flower lover wants a garden, even if it can only be a window box. When anyone says "I don't know anything about flowers or gardening"—I feel sorry for them,—for that one has been deprived of one of the greatest assets in life.

The real charm of a garden is not its visible aspect alone— it lies deeper than that. There is an inexpressible joy in planting, —watering, training the flowers, watching them grow, gathering them when desired, stirring the soil—lingering fondly among them. There is an inspiration in every flower, and how richly they give of their sweetness and beauty in return for loving care.

"In the beginning"—we read— "God planted a garden,"—truly God plants every garden—every flower is a miracle! What blessed havens they are, imparting to those who are attuned to them that inexpressible something— that exquisite pleasure emanating from beauty, a sense of rest and contentment—and quiet peace.

As one month follows another the garden assumes new phases of beauty—It would be hard to say which is the lovelier—tho' I quite believe the earlier flowers are the most thrilling,—the most appreciated after the long winter of longing for them.

Looking back I recall my gratitude and admiration through the last of May and all of June for masses of forget-me-nots seeming to try in their soft blueness to make up for lack of blue in the sky! Then there were poets, narcissus, and loveliest of all the shy lily-of-the valley,—and before these were gone the first iris came into bloom, never before in my garden have the iris been so tall—so large—so royal in color; and the "sweet-rockets" shooting large clusters of white and lavender stars—"high wide and handsome" like the pyrotechnics whose name they bear!

Large velvety pansies never grew discouraged, blooming profusely under June's grey skies and rain as well as in the sunshine and heat of July. Oriental poppies opened flaring red amid innumerable white daisies. Fat bumble-

bees crooned over the veronicas purple spikes, and humming birds sipped daintily from the canterbury bells. The swallows soar high in the amber twilight; the evening breeze awakens and ripples the water, starting its lilting song. Dark falls imperceptibly—fireflies strike their tiny flints and dance like fairies amid the boughs and above the garden. Venus burns bright and steady in the western sky. And July moves on!

Summer glides sweetly with such quiet tread—one does not sense its passing until something attracts our attention to the fact and we gasp with sudden apprehension that the end is near. Now the tiger lilies which have been such glowing highlights against the deepening green, are giving their last blooms, poppies and daisies are gone long since, so too are the purple bells, and the delphiniums that only a month ago were tall and extremely handsome, are all cut down. This tells me better than any calendar.

I gather large bunches of double sweet scented nasturtiums for the breakfast table, and calendulas for the blue bowl; pansies still are lovely, zinnias are colorful, the golden cosmos is charming with clusters of chinese forget-me-nots, and the ruffled petunias are enormous—but—I keep my eye on the asters—knowing well that their coming ushers in the last of the gardens pagentry. Almost without our knowing it—like dusk changing to dark—the trees will don their Autumn coloring—and another summer will have written its signature in the memory of years.

Grace T. Bradley.

Black Duck Island, Lake Vermilion.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

Some time ago I passed a building undergoing repairs. On one side workmen were taking out large quantities of bricks that had crumpled away, whereas other parts of the wall seemed to be firm. My curiosity was aroused why some bricks had disintegrated and not others. When upon the foreman told me how fifty years ago when the building was erected there was one day when workers at the brickyard had some trouble one with another, and the result being that the fires went out in the kilns and the bricks were improperly baked. And now fifty years later that one day's neglect exacted its price.

As I walked on I pondered wondering whether life was not like that! For life is not built of a solid mass. On the contrary it is built of individual days. How important it is that we live nobly creatively, cheerfully and hopefully each day as it arrives, lest the time come when we discover that the structure of our life begins to crack, crumble and break down because once we imagine that "this day don't count". Thus the future is built out of our today when we can lay by a reserve, or build up a resistance against storms and threats. How imperative, therefore, to take the motto of Ruskin, "Write it upon your heart, today is the best day in the year." —Argow.

CHURCH SEATS

Have you a seat in church that you have a right to call yours? Wouldn't you like one?

Seats in our church are now being reserved for the coming season for the morning services. You will feel more at home if you sit in the same seat each Sunday morning and all reserved seats are held until 10:50 o'clock. The price is $10.00 per seat for the entire season and arrangement for payment may be made at the church office. Write to the church for seat reservations for the coming season, stating the location you prefer.

The entire amount need not be paid all at one time if not convenient. You will be helping the church a great deal if you will do this, and at the same time you will feel happier having your own seat.

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